ATTENTION

SEXUAL ORIENTED
MATERIAL ENCLOSED.

PLEASE DISCARD IF
NOT REQUESTED.

NOT FOR SALE
TO MINORS.

PARASITE

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CHICKEN HAWK
Directed by Adi Sideman
(Stranger Than Fiction)

THE BOYS OF ST. VINCENT (parts 1&2)
Directed by John N. Smith
(Canada, 1992)

THE MALE ESCORTS OF SAN FRANCISCO
Directed by Matthew Link
(The Link Video Productions)

NOT ANGELS BUT ANGELS
Directed by Wiktor Grodecki
(Czech Republic 1994)

BOY

Tell me again.

Just cause I want to be sure to understand everything. Absolutely. Every fucking little fucking faggy detail. So let's hear it. Let me hear those shitty tiny words drag out of your little cocksucking queer mouth. Let me smell those words -I want to taste all that shit. Make me feel what you went through, faggot. Make me know just how bad it got. Make me cry and feel and see and hug you and keep you warm. And we'll be so much closer then. Connected, you know.

But I'm only gonna know you from what you say. Just words. Fucking lying little words open to conjecture and misunderstanding and color. Subjective, objective and couched in every little ugly impulse and fib that embarrasses you. Or scares you. Or keeps you from the pure fucking heaven that lies right here in my open arms, puppy dog. That's what you want, isn't it, honey? Isn't it, dear? Someone to say you're right in every fucking thing you've ever thought or done -every single moment. And, of course, you're right. Honestly. How could you be wrong? This ugly world. They -they- they never mattered and so what if they did? You're human and every decision can't be made perfect right on the spot. More importantly, every decision -no matter what- has to be made by you. You are what matters. Perfectly. Honestly. In this god's world you only have you to go on. Right?

And I want you to know. Cause I feel the same. We're both 100% correct and we only have to work out the lines between us. You see? Now I want to hear it again. And I want you to say it exactly the way you told me before. Only -this time- I want to fucking see it. Right here in the back of my painful little burning beady eyes. You faggot fucking cocksucker I want to lick the stink off those words -those irritating little flies' lies- and spit 'em back into your bawling worthless liar's face.

Sit up and bark.

Use that tongue in a foreign way this time. Let's see how many rutting pig's trails of deceit and horror and pain

Sadly, the chances of porno's dead-by-suicide Savannah turning into a new Linda Lovelace or Shauna Grant don't look good. The latest issue of CELEBRITY SKIN (#37) promises quite a bit in its advertised expose'on the former Shannon Wilsey's life 'til almost 24, but hardly pays off. Basically a retread of the article in ROLLING STONE's October issue -but without the access to the rock stars- CELEBRITY SKIN volunteered a more detailed look into Savannah's father's ugly history. And since ROLLING STONE did quite a nice cut-up on the dad, Mike Wilsey, via an interview with Savannah's mom, Pam Langoria, the forecast for some broken-hearted, self-loathing confusion behind the eyes of another pumped and painted model cocksucker seemed guaranteed. But alas, try as they might to pimp some reality or life or interest into Savannah's carcass-before-the-fact; the former bucket remains virtually empty.

Peter Wilkinson's article in ROLLING STONE ("DREAMGIRL") played up the de rigueur family problems: a teenage marriage and a separa-

that red fat whip can click right off. Fast you fuck. You pretentious little homo queen, I want everything right here. I want my cock to feel it and my asshole. Before my brain can pick it apart. You fucking dog. You dirty fucking animal dog. Open that hole and stink this entire place up to high fucking heaven with that sick little you of yours. Your face farts, your asshole gump, your shitted grotesque fat lazy whore's mind.

Tell me how you got it.

Or should I refresh your memory? Should I get you started so you don't veer off the track and really fucking grinding fucking piss me off with more outrageous fucking little pussy whipped faggot lies? Should I fuck? Fuck?

How fucking close are you? How fuckingjustthisclose are you to understanding how really fucking important this is to you? To us.

Remember now...calm down and spew forth only that which will set you fucking free. You fucking pig.

How you got it -how you think you got it. Cause I -we- know it's still all in the open, right? We're not sure? But you have an opinion. And we'd like to share that opinion. We'd like to be very close now.

We want to choke in the warm sunshine of your fairy tale. To hold hands and cup big flabby asscheeks and caress your fingertips up and down one's sides, torso to armpit, kiss fully and deeply and know that time only exists the moment we pull from each other and wonder who gets to the bathroom first to soak off the shit and sweat and cum.

Tell me how you got AIDS from letting someone blow you. About the cuts at the base of your cock -where the skin rubbed and pulled open and the sores stayed red and wet and stinging everytime you jerked off and slammed and slipped inside some fag room butthole. And how you let that oriental faggot suck you. How he sucked you right to the stem. And how you forgot about the cuts. And how you had diarrhea just a few days later. And thrush.

And tell me how your husband battered you and fucked your ugly pig face. And you didn't know what to do, did you little baby? You cheap cunt. You cheap fucking pig.

And how did daddy's dick taste?

How you would've kept your shirt on if you weren't drunk. Especially since someone had a camera. Cause you're really not like that, are you, you cunt.

And you let him piss on you cause it meant something then. And the nude scene is important. Sex is just a great plus when it comes to love.

Should we wear condoms when we fuck our friends' greasy little holed asses?

Should you employ dental dams before you engage in the wholly disgusting perversion of actually getting your face anywhere near those wobbly piss and filth filled sewers women call cunts?

And should we smoke?

And wear shoulder straps in the car. Oh dear, I certainly hope your tiny little 6 month old baby doesn't go smashing through your windshield breaking every wormy chicken bone in its worthless fucking body. What can I do to help?

Where can one find damned exciting child pornography these days?

Specifically the kind with little boys. But not too little, not lolita babies or Japanese school girl age. Maybe even with rather nicely formed thick long cocks. And pubic tion before Shannon was even born, a completely absent father, and some thin attempts at sexual abuse ("But usually if the subject came up, Savannah, blue eyes looking wounded, veered off to something else.") But mostly the article tries to point its clean hippy finger at the cheezy Hollywood glitz rock n'roll scene. Axl Rose and Slash, Vince Neil and Tommy Lee, David Lee Roth and Billy Sheenan all dug their fingers into Savannah's whore pie and are sideways chastised for their failure to see her as a needful, loving person rather than a clawing groupie with two sets of silicone operations (one through the armpits, one through the nipples) and a sex-style that was less than "nasty". And the drink and drugs and Gregg Allman at only 16. Unfortunately, all this adds up to a news flash as boring as the bands the former blonde three-holer (if you're lucky) enjoyed. The simple truth is that Savannah shot her head open not because of her unfortunate childhood or her guilt over prostitution or her greater failure and rejection at "love"; or any other reason one might find it worthwhile to rewind and pause at a nice scene from, say, STAR GANG BANGERS VOL. ONE FEATURING SAVANNAH and look for the disgust under the cum, or the tears under the cum, or the fright and exhibit quite a bit more damage than the old guard in SF. Perhaps due to their age, or the dire economic situation they've been born into, or maybe just their own rampant sexual confusion and lust, the ten or so kids that people ANGELS all display that quality that simple finances can't buy: living exploitation.

"We go to the toilet -he suck me and give me the money."

"My parents kicked me out."

"I still prefer women."

"What I didn't like was when I had to give him a blow job."

"I'm used to it now."

"I hate perverse sex."

"I like it when somebody sucks my dick."

These boys are asked virtually the same questions as the ones in MALE ESCORTS. And, relatively speaking, in the same way as the NAMBLA men in CHICKENHAWK. And the documentary idea is exact: the camera is straight on, the questions hang in the air and the answers are run down in order. In fact the similarity between the questions asked both sets of prostitutes is enough to explain away any need for further discussion as to motive or personal design of the filmmakers. First time, how many, where, who (mostly Germans say the Prague youth), what they like or hate the most, cost, AIDS, future fears (surprisingly, loneliness runs a close second behind disease among the Prague boys), etc.

Where one can easily point to the failings of Adi Sideman to peer beneath the paint and armor of his subject, the same can not be said of Grodecki and Link. All their subjects seem open, if not vulnerable, though most probably through no genius of the directors. But the hookers in general respond to the clear intentions of their interviewers. However, the flat camera approach and rote questions and format of all three documentaries only really delivers in NOT ANGELS BUT ANGELS.

Could this be due to the fact that the kids are younger and dirtier in Prague? Or to Grodecki's decision to include quick porno shots of the boys sucking cock and swallowing cum to show a real, less thoughtful and removed, concentrated side of the reality of their situation? Or purely the reality that comes across is a more sadistic, more prurient, more dangerous lifestyle -and so apart from any childhood wish? Is it that the kids in the street, regardless of any larger moral truth or supra-personal ideal, suffer the weight of being worn out and exposed to harsh facts before they're mentally equipped to handle them? Where money and professional concerns are less personality choices and molds than the by-products of youthful confusion with the possibility of brutal consequences and brightly damaged futures?

Yes.

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c. Peter Sotos, 1994

retarded', also naked, also full-frontal, this too child pornography Nazi-style, the camera complicit in the torturer's pride, his monument to memory."

Heated students of Ms. Dworkin's genius may want to investigate the following titles, before they visit the museum, to provide further resonance: ART OF THE HOLOCAUST (over 350 artworks created in ghettos, concentration camps, and in hiding by victims of the Nazis) by Janet Blatter & Sybil Milton (Rutledge Press, 1981). THE CHILDREN OF IZIEU: A HUMAN TRAGEDY by Serge Klarsfeld (Abrams, 1984). CHILDREN OF THE FLAMES (Dr. Josef Mengele and the untold story of the twins of Auschwitz) by Lucette Matalon Lagnado and Sheila Cohn Dekel (Morrow, 1991). THE MURDERS AT BULLENHUSER DAM (the SS doctor and the children) by Gunther Schwarberg (Indiana University Press, 1984). BELZEC, SOBIBOR, TREBLINKA (the Operation Reinhard Death Camps) by Yitzhak Arad (Indiana University Press, 1987). INSIDE THE VICIOUS HEART (Americans and the liberation of Nazi Concentration Camps) by Robert H. Abzug (Oxford, 1985). NAZI MEDICINE (doctors, victims and medicine in Auschwitz) by The International Auschwitz Committee (Fertig, 1986).

quotes from and lays support to a 1961 sociological study of homosexual prostitution by Albert J. Reiss, Jr.:
"Before a boy has his first experience with a client, he has been told by members of his peer-group how to make contacts, how to collect money when a client resists paying, and how to behave during the encounter. Boys are trained to seek out clients. Hardly innocent, vulnerable children who are taken advantage of by overpowering, more highly sophisticated adults, these boys are fully aware of what they are doing and how to succeed at doing it."

Comstock makes a careful distinction between thief and hustler and states:
"Violence tends to be avoided because it would disrupt the organization of the system. If violence and danger were the repeated experience and expectation of clients, the system could not exist. Since both the boys and the clients understand themselves to be delinquents and involved in delinquent activity, neither wants to behave in a manner that would draw the attention of the police."

But the violence in dealing with whores -especially young boy whores- is not in simple robbery; it is not that clearly defined. Just as the money that is needed and haggled over and carefully dispensed is not the backbone of the act. It isn't that mundane.

Steve, one of the 5 hustlers interviewed in MALE ESCORTS OF SAN FRANCISCO, talks about his start in the business and his early success. Only 19 years old, he advertised as such and now remembers "everyone likes chicken".

But MALE ESCORTS OF SAN FRANCISCO is a documentary about the higher end of the scale where all five men are gay-identified and run advertisements in a local sex rag. They're all relatively happy with their situations, or at least not suffering under the guilt, self loathing or drug addicted stereotypes most commonly associated with hooking. In fact the one hustler that is HIV positive, was so before he started in the trade. John says he's not proud of his decision to sell his dick, but he's not ashamed and he does feel a little guilty about screwing two of his clients in the ass. Steve, the aforementioned (hardly) chicken feels "uncomfortable" and sees prostitution as dirty and subservient and would never go back. But he doesn't look like he's missed too many meals.

Vic, on the other hand, enjoys his outsider status. So much so that he produces a 'zine about it and says he now produces more art, possesses more confidence and, at almost 30 years old, is "still growing up". Franco also has no regrets and sees it as "one of if not the most rewarding things I've done -and not just from a financial aspect." He's learned more about the human condition that he would've in school, he adds. And Rafael, a somewhat lonely bear, says he only gets about two clients a month but it pays for the ad.

Filmmaker Matthew Link's bias is clear, at least in gay circles. He even thanks the five participants in the end credits for their "courage". And his pleasant documentary shot on video is another gay affirmation; another typical hour or so spent reviewing the information one already knows.

Locale aside, the same can be said of Wiktor Grodecki's NOT ANGELS BUT ANGELS -a documentary on young male whores from Prague. But maybe with more of the bent the rough trade crowd longs for. The boys here range from 14 to 19 and 12 hours at a time- articulated. I want the beatings, the whippings, the forced hard labor and slave labor, narrated. I need to know about those who resisted and those who escaped; there were some. I need a heritage on the female side. I want this museum changed so that remembrance is not male. I want to know the story of women in the Holocaust."

Ms. Dworkin is one of the few people who understands the truth behind the holocaust. And she is perfectly correct in her assessment of the images and in her outrage over the lack of real facts and detail:
"There is a photo of a naked girl, probably adolescent, 'mentally handicapped' taken before she was killed. She is standing up, facing the camera, full-frontal, but she does not have the strength to stand on her own -her rib cage is all bones- so a nurse in a conventional white uniform holds her up by force; the pain on the girl's face is horrible. The photograph itself is Nazi child pornography -no breasts, no hips, not enough food for that, no paint or makeup, just a naked body and pure suffering; child pornography for real sadists, those who do not want their victims to smile. And there is a photo of an eight-year-old boy, also 'mentally

nests. Skinny.

And, in charming equanimity, let's say all we want to do is look. And that's all it means. Until we've seen just a little too much and then we can discuss aesthetics and structure and the implications of supporting an underground that directly, hopefully, rapes and destroys.

Much has been made about the supposed objective style of Adi Sideman's documentary on NAMBLA: CHICKENHAWK. Controversy was caused in all the obvious circles by Mr. Sideman's lack of moral posturing, or at least his reluctance to come out on a specific side. At the same time Sideman has been able to bask in the favor of mock renegade film fans (read: nerds) because of his comfortable fence sitting. Typically, FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE says: "Whatever your feelings are regarding the content of this film and its lack of subjective opinion towards a sick subject, it should be seen for its boldness, intelligence and controversy." But, of course, it would be unfair to review a film for what it is not -such as an opportunity for someone with rare access to reach in and pull out a new sense, or even a real feel, for the subject regardless of prejudice or moral pose -instead of what it is that runs across the screen in front of your face. Apparently, FILM THREAT's Dominic Griffin knows that NAMBLA members are "sick" and Adi's genius is in merely being there to turn on the camera and develop the film.

But it is also true that the best sort of documentary is that type that does just turn on the camera and point. Of course, subjectivity is impossible to deny when the genius of the filmmaker is evident in his knowing where and when to point. The NYU and PC crowds that are upset over Adi's refusal to come down on one specific side are arguing over degrees. Rest assured Adi, the NYUs and the FILM THREAT poseurs are all in complete agreement over what angle is depicted in CHICKENHAWK.

Which unfortunately makes it sound like CHICKENHAWK would be a better (more entertaining, more honest) film if Adi was seen to be more sympathetic to NAMBLA. This is not true. Most of the men interviewed here are going to be seen as silly and thin and guarded as their cause. Because that particular cause stinks of phoniness, desperation and concealed rage. And, of course, since NAMBLA chooses to defend itself by mimicking the very same old moral poses of utopian and altruistic concern as that of their detractors, their politics are never more than embarrassing transparencies. The ultimate failure of CHICKENHAWK isn't in its reasoning, or faux objectivity, but rather in its timidity. Adi keeps everyone at arms length and plays for easy camp rather than sense -at no time does one get the feeling that the people interviewed, on both sides of NAMBLA's playground, are more than cartoons. And cartoons that everyone in the theatre, pedophiles and annoying media students nee hipsters alike, have seen over and over again.

We hear Renato Corazzo's answering machine reeling off insults and death damage threats. We see Tom McDonough's lusty sort of anti-rage and Leyland Stevenson's smarmy deconstructions of small daily encounters with kids. And that's all you get. The typical nods and shudders, knee-slaps and back-pats amid loud coffee talk at late night Thai restaurants are thus guaranteed.

Sideman wants to be a fly on the wall. But he doesn't want to be one that gets his legs dirty by actually landing in shit, or one that risks getting swatted by at least

dread under the cum, or the hatred and regret under the cum, or the scars left by dad and mom laughing and ignoring and drinking and beating and fucking under the cum. The fact is she had very little to offer anyone, especially herself, in life or death.

The lengthy article in CELEBRITY SKIN (FALLEN ANGEL by Jeff Jones with Marc Medoff) at least has the poor taste to print photos of her dad holding her ashes alongside actual shots of Savannah's never-mailed but drug scrawled two page letter to her dad; ROLLING STONE only quoted enough to tease: "Where were you when I started doing porno movies because I had no other way to survive? Where were you when I started doing heroin to deal with all the pain that those movies caused? You are so fucked...I will never forgive you. Do not ever contact me again. I HATE YOU!" The editors of CELEBRITY SKIN also know you would like to see the coroner's report and "Dried blood and brain matter found on the floor of Savannah's garage days after her suicide." Hardly the stuff trauma queens are made of. Hardly even the stuff porno queens are made of.

There's a lovely moment in GANG BANG BITCHES II (directed by Wes Brown, Ream-o-Rama productions) when one fat Sally Layd prepares herself for

knowing what his fucking purpose is. There is no such thing as an unobtrusive camera team. And to let the subjects answer the same old answers they've been drooling for the last thousand years is simple stupidity. All the lust and anger and hurt and pain and damage and rotten little mother fag stories that are contained in a subject as loaded as kneeling down before a young boy's just budding erection and sucking it (and wanting more) is nowhere to be found in CHICKENHAWK. Nor are the answers (or even the questions) as to why someone would be so dedicated to following (or healing, hurting, trading with) these dirty old men.

John N. Smith's THE BOYS OF ST. VINCENT has also been lauded for its objectivity. And, once again, it is clear where Mr. Smith stands on the subject of boy fucking. But THE BOYS OF ST. VINCENT has gained most of its praise due to its sympathy towards its characters and its lack of moral psturing around the acts: It seems Mr. Smith's intention was to highlight the human element in giving oneself over to acts of abuse, which is to say that in this fictionalized account of sexual molestation of orphans by catholic brothers at the St. Vincent home for boys, the acts are understood to be damaging and brutal; the motives understood to be base and desperate; and the repercussions on absolutely everyone involved (from abuser to abused to family to community) understood to be psychologically destroying.

There's two parts to Smith's film. The first part focuses on the machinations of the brothers and the struggle against their power by the poor boys. The second part is approached as 15 years later when the brothers can finally be brought to trial for their crimes. Sadly, it is the second part of the epic that contains, as one would expect, the annoying Freudian backlashes of what evil a man's dick in the wrong tiny hole can bring. It is this part that gives the entirety of Smith's work its thrust: The boys have struggled all these years with their memories and have all the requisite scars and problems (seen most succinctly in the emotional autism that finally gives way to pained cathartic heroics of the movie's main victim, and also in the drug addicted male prostitute whose confusion finally ends in an alley overdose). And it is this part that most accurately reflects the funding of the film as coming from Canadian Television. Worst of all, it is this part that steals any thunder that the first part may have had. Where the priests gave into their urges with a real degree of anguish, and the futility of their mission to serve man and god was seen as pathetic and impossible rather than simply manipulative or evil.

But this is fiction. Just as reality is in these weighty days of pop-psych; where the word "love" has become a philosophic concept with muscle, and faith and understanding are buzzwords that explain and rectify misfitism and fear. But as 95 minutes of dark cheap personalized fiction, a specific part of THE BOYS' audience may feel shortchanged in dealing with metaphor, verisimilitude and character/plot alignment when what is actually depicted is living breathing thinking children being put through motions as devious and dirty as the possibilities suggest. The shower scenes and the punchy little bottoms, the hand jobs under the covers and the look on their faces when such graphic language pours out of ten year old boy mouths.

Beyond these rather philistine motives lies the fantasy a dog-style romp and thus careens her ugly ass up in the air towards the camera. A few long dicks are background being pushed into her sloppy whore's face and naturally (sort of), her silicone dugs are allowed to hang in mid-air and flap that hard basketball way fake dugs do. What's most interesting about this scene is just that Ms. Layd's surgery scars -underneath those stretched out teat balloons- are extremely defined. And though it is a common enough occurence in pornography these days to exhibit these scars, rarely are they as bright red and flagrantly thick as this beast's deep and jagged slash and stuff wounds.

The new issue of MS. (volume 5, number 3) features an article on a gang rape. But rather unlike those tedious porn trysts with their gallons of cum and yards of tongue and sad imaginations, the sex scene Krista Absalon performed is more in keeping with the original definition. Krista was blind drunk sprawled out on a bathroom floor of a bar in Gouverneur, NY when five bar patrons decided to use her female holes as an adjunct to their evening of good friends and good times. However, Krista's tale follows her heroic efforts to battle small town gossip and politics rather than the and the explanation. And as flimsy excuses, the work of John N. Smith and co-writers Des Walsh and Sam Grana delivers on most counts. In a sense, the two parts concoct the ultimate sex scene: part one ably covers the viciousness and frailty of lust as well as the pain and loss of the victim; part two allows the fantasy to spread out into a lifestyle of damage where the victims continue to suffer and the perpetrators are forced to consider the enormity of their weaknesses (or sloppiness) in a metaphysical and pragmatic context.

The main character, brother Peter Lavin (played by Henry Czerny), takes on the cutest boy in the orphanage and is made to pay for his transgressions. And it is Peter's wife that delivers the popular truths, Oliver Stone style, in an angry rant and rave climax:

"That's not loving, that's hurting!"

And thus the filmmakers and TV channel and sweaty audience wash their hands of the implications, frisson and "sickness" Which is ironic given that the first part pulled apart the idea of god just as much as it did the catholic denial of the humans that make up its churches.

There's an ugly little bar in Chicago where you can get a youngish boy in the bathroom for just a little money. A bit further away, still in the same neighborhood, you can proffer an even younger one a blow job in a dark corner of an alley. The younger they are, the better your chance of being asked for a little extra money, a meal and the promise of an all night stay.

Which means you can fuck them.

Membership in financial terms means next to nothing. On your kneees, in the hard concrete dirt and pin hole darkness, while your hands move frantically, uncomfortably from steadying to groping, membership is forever yours bought by the hustler's friends who stand watch. They threaten by protecting their friend. They threaten by their flimsy concern and capitalism and desperation. And the chance of a sadistic thrill, vent-explosion or drug rage is what you try to think about and forget all at the same time. Your eyes flutter off the harsh white DISCHARGE logo scrawl you keep pushing up to his neck and shoulders to rub his flat rubbery stomach and pinch a so small nipple.

Maybe he'll cum tonight. At home. Maybe while you pull him off. While you dig and pump and yearn and scarf. He got hard quick. Straight up and beating and warm and now so slippery and smelly on your wet rat lips and tongue.

And for very little money. Because, again, that's not what it costs. On either side.

In Rome, just near the Coliseum, one can buy any sort of child body to suit one's taste. More sensibly, one can sit near the tourists and watch in full light of day any number of young -very young- boys and girls trying to hone their sloppy yet smiley theft techniques. A little girl raises her oversized long dirty T-shirt almost completely off her head to expose pert firm fat brown nipples and distract the cops and tourists from frisking her barely teenage boyfriend. "I don't have it" she shrieks and yelps in English, while the wallet is passed quickly, clumsily, carelessly around to the other children.

In CHICKENHAWK some of the NAMBLA members talk about their jail time. And their public versus private outlook on child pornography. And on their concern for a child's welfare.

In VIOLENCE AGAINST LESBIANS AND GAY MEN (Gary David Comstock, Columbia University Press, 1991), the author disastrous effects of waking up the next day, not knowing what happened at all, but finding out weeks later that you were fucked. Alot.

Natalia Rachel Singer's article on Krista and her family and new found feminist friends seems to leave out alot of details. And details, regardless of personal perversion or intellectual bent, are what matters most.

Just ask Andrea Dworkin. Ms. Dworkin also features in the new issue of MS. Her article is about a visit to the UNITED STATES HOLOCAUST MEMORIAL MUSEUM in Washington DC. And her intense dissatisfaction with the manner in which all women are represented in the three floors of torture and extermination facts, photos and relics.

"I want the suffering and endurance of women -Jewish or not Jewish, in Auschwitz or Ravensbruck, Bergen-Belsen or Dachau, Majdanek or Sobibor -reckoned with and honored: remembered. I want the rapes documented, the brothels delineated, the summary murders of pregnant women discussed. I want the medical experiments -excision of genitals, injections into the uterus- explained, exposed. I want the humiliation rituals -forced nakedness, cutting and shaving of hair, punishments of hundreds or thousands of women standing naked in the cold for